SPIRIT OF A DECADE

—Thomas F. Curley

THE

Commonweal

RACE RELATIONS

Challenge to America

by L. J. Twomey

FROM FRANCE

The Burden of Algeria

by Robert Barrat

The Aran Islands

LAST FORTRESS OF THE CELT

by David H. Greene

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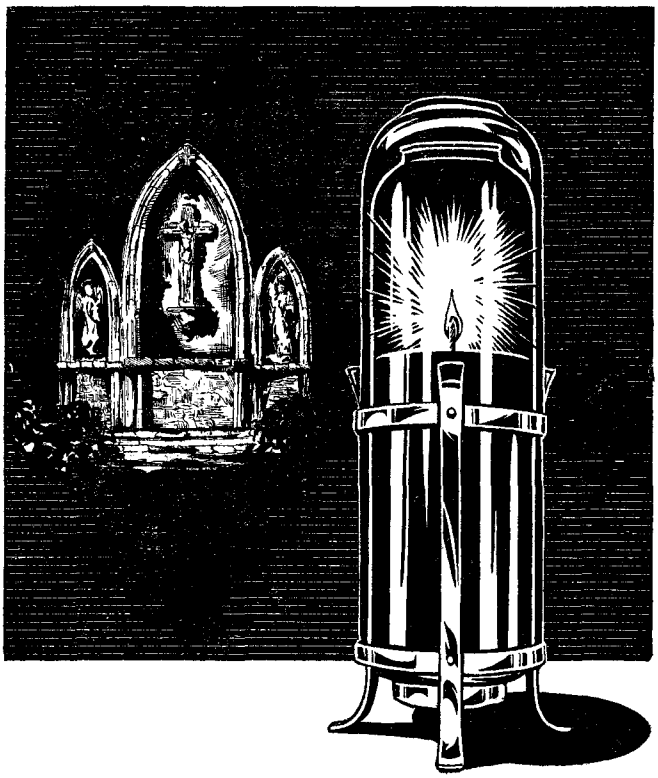

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week	599
Challenge to America *by L. J. Twomey*	603
The Burden of Algeria *by Robert Barrat*	606
Last Fortress of the Celt *by David H. Greene*	609
The Screen *by Philip T. Hartung*	611
Communications	611
Spirit of a Decade *by Thomas F. Curley*	613
Books	615

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE TWO MEN

ONCE AGAIN Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson face each other as candidates for the Presidency. But even before the present campaign got under way it was clear that it would differ markedly from that of four years ago. Time has wrought its changes not only on our domestic and foreign problems but on the candidates as well. To be sure, many of our present problems were with us in 1952; they were ours in 1948 and may well be ours in 1960. Nor do we think that either of the candidates has undergone some miraculous transformation. But significant issues have changed, the circumstances of the candidates are quite different, and their public images have altered considerably.

In 1952, Korea was a battleground and Americans, having painfully learned the necessity of accepting limited victories, were weary of the war. Yet the draft continued, and reminded them of their harsh responsibilities. Taxes mounted, yet the budget remained unbalanced. President Truman was leaving office as the victorious warrior, but there were charges of Administration corruption, and, after all, the Democrats *had* been in office for twenty years. Many felt that maybe it was time for a change and certainly time for a rest.

It was in this atmosphere that Eisenhower the General came. He soon showed that remarkable ability which, seemingly, lifted him above partisan strife and bitterness. He was not a politician, nor did he initially speak like one. He gained the early commitment of many—Republicans, Democrats and Independents; newspapers and columnists. But he failed to satisfy the many in the GOP who said he was not a fighter. He soon showed that they were wrong. He launched a hard crusade against corruption. He promised to end war in Korea, reduce the draft and taxes, and balance the budget. To a tired people, the internationally popular General offered repose on honorable terms. With a tremendous vote, the people elected him.

FOUR YEARS later, what is the Eisenhower image? His personal popularity is so great that he seemed to the Republicans the strongest, if not the only, hope for remaining in power. He has done this by fulfilling many of his promises: the Korean war was ended, taxes were cut, the draft lowered, and Geneva brought momentary warmth to many. He has also forgotten, conveniently and sensibly, other promises that were made irresponsibly: "liberation" remained only as a term in the GOP lexicon, and Chiang Kai-shek remained on Formosa.

His personal popularity, however, has not continued to captivate all of his early admirers. While acknowledging his achievements, many emphasize their negative character. By delegating responsibility, they say, he has avoided the controversy that has swirled around his Administration. Conflicting statements, about neutralism, for example, are reconciled not in fact, but only in the labyrinthine Eisenhower prose. The Eisenhower image shifts awkwardly from speech to major speech, emerging fully only in the press conferences where he candidly acknowledges occasional ignorance of major issues, uncertainty of Administration policy, and confidence in the future. Such criticisms reveal that, while Mr. Eisenhower remains for many the great popular leader, he cannot, as President, be quite the crusader he was in 1952, and even some of his early supporters wonder if his real abilities are adequate to present demands, if he has the imagination and vigor to forge needed policies.

In the beginning of the 1952 campaign, Adlai

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Stevenson was an unknown quantity to most voters. His admirable record as Governor of Illinois was unknown to them. He himself was a reluctant candidate, defending an Administration whose policies he did not always accept. But his campaigning, which struck a new, strong note, and was based on a discussion of specific problems, revealed a man of responsibility and integrity. He said that he would rather lose the election than deceive the people, and his campaign was a working-out of this precept. In a few short months he won such support that—although he lost the election—he won more popular votes than any other losing Presidential candidate.

Four years later it is evident that Adlai Stevenson has changed some attitudes and opinions. He fought hard and well to gain the Democratic nomination. He is sure now, as he was not before, that he is the man for the office. And he can act with independence as the real spokesman for his party. He is, as Mr. Eisenhower is, essentially the same person, but in the heat of political battle he has forged a new fighting edge. He reveals, with even greater impact, many of the same qualities which won him support in 1952.

But some of his past supporters see him with a different eye. They now realize that he is not easily categorized, that his "problem-centered" approach precludes an easy estimate of his position. Such critics, we think, are only now beginning to recognize Mr. Stevenson's true potentialities. But, if his recent speech before the American Legion is to be typical of the Stevenson of 1956, we think he is open to serious criticism. His remark that we should end the draft "at the earliest possible moment consistent with national safety," is of course, unexceptionable. In itself it admits of no argument. But the implications are dangerous, for that "earliest possible moment" does not seem to lie in the foreseeable future. Until we can think that limited wars are a thing of the past and land troops a luxury, we cannot responsibly contemplate the end of the draft. Such statements arouse hopes that can only be disappointed. The statement is not typical of the Stevenson of 1952, even granting the provocation of the Republican stress on "peace in our time." His past supporters can only hope that it is not typical of the present campaigner.

The public images of these candidates, it is clear, are susceptible of change. In the coming months we will see a hard-fought battle. We can not look back to 1952 to predict the pattern of 1956. And we can hope that this time the election will be debated on the real issues.

COMPETING AT TRADE FAIRS

IN RECENT years the United States has been criticized for failing to take part in certain international trade fairs; our absence has all too often been exploited by the Soviet Union to make uncontested claims. This time we have made the effort on a modest scale at Zagreb; observers on the Yugoslav scene tend to conclude that this country came out, at best, a poor third—to the openly more boastful Soviet Union and Communist China.

Largely because of currency difficulties the object of American participation at Zagreb was hardly to obtain orders for American goods. It was rather a strict propaganda effort, to give the local visitors there a glimpse into the American way of life. Our exhibit was indeed hampered by the fact that the building in which it was housed was both unspacious and badly cut up. Because it seems to have been relegated to the background by the lavish demonstrations of Russia's and China's growing industrial might, does that mean that it would have been better if, like France, the United States had not gone to Zagreb at all?

Abstention would be one alternative for future reference. Another would be to go all out in competing with the Communist nations at such expositions, putting up our own impressive pavilions and filling them with the latest products of our heavy industry from heavy farm tractors to machine tools. Or perhaps, instead, such a pavilion could be filled with a dazzling variety of our consumers' goods. Would it be politically feasible to spend the sums required to make such a demonstration of wealth and proficiency in a country such as Yugoslavia? It appears doubtful that expenditures on the scale required would enjoy public support.

In Iron Curtain and strongly neutralist countries our choice therefore lies at present between modest participation and none at all. Would even the most ignorant Yugoslavs have doubts about America's capacity to produce, anyway? Would they not rather tend to fear and envy our power to produce? In such a context an exhibit focused on the living standards and home life of an individual American steelworker would seem to strike a highly suitable note. The critics of this exhibit—which was on a considerably smaller scale than its counterpart at the Vienna Fair—may be right in asserting that this presentation could have been more effective. But the Zagreb Fair represented an opportunity to make contact which happily this country did not pass by.

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MR. JAVITS AND THE WHISPERERS

ACCORDING to the public opinion polls, a high percentage of American citizens consider politics a dirty game, and hope their children will never attempt a political career. The whispering campaign against Attorney General Jacob K. Javits of New York provides a good illustration of why so many people feel this way.

Mr. Javits was elected to Congress four times. He has always been what people call a liberal—he was, in fact, an Eisenhower Republican before Eisenhower and was one of those who urged the President to run in 1952. In 1954 he was the only Republican on the state-wide ticket in New York to be elected, defeating Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., for the post of Attorney General. As a result of his record, he has long been considered the leading and logical GOP candidate for the 1956 Senate race, and presumably it was this fact that led his enemies to use a whispering campaign against him that was calculated to destroy his reputation and chances for future advancement in politics.

Trying to pin down the charges circulated against Mr. Javits is not easy. There is talk that in 1946 and 1948 he would have accepted support from the American Labor Party, which people generally agree today was Communist-dominated. Yet the facts show that in both 1946 and 1948 Mr. Javits was supported by the Liberal Party, founded by anti-Communists who had left the ALP when they could not beat the Communists in the battle for control. Furthermore, in 1946 the American Labor Party ran a candidate of its own against Mr. Javits, and in 1948 it supported his Democratic opponent. The Whisperers also say that before his first campaign Mr. Javits talked to Dr. Bella Dodd, then a Communist and a representative of the Teachers' Union, who has since broken with the Party; Mr. Javits says he did talk to Dr. Bella Dodd, along with scores of other supposedly influential people on a list given to him, and without even knowing she was a Communist, as far as he can now remember.

These, then, are the major "charges" against Mr. Javits. Nothing more solid than these vague accusations has been brought forward, but because the charges raised "the Communist issue," Mr. Javits has had to fight hard for his political life, and no one can say how much harm he has suffered. Yet what was actually involved here, except a below-the-belt effort by his political enemies to keep him from getting his present, coveted Republican Senatorial nomination?

By any rational standard, all Mr. Javits should have had to do in the face of these attacks was to cite his record in Congress, which is certainly not "soft on Communism." From the very first he voted for and vigorously supported measures to check Communist aggression. He favored European recovery measures to prevent Communist victories in Western Europe after the war; he voted for the measures to combat Communist aggression in Greece, Turkey and Korea. Only because of such a record has he been receiving support at the present time from fellow-legislators, both Democratic and Republican; a statement on his behalf by Representative Judd, Republican of Minnesota, is typical. "If any Communists supported you politically," Congressman Judd wired to Mr. Javits, "it certainly was a bad bargain for them because I know from my long and close association with you . . . that no one has been more intelligently and effectively anti-Communist than you."

Yet, despite his record, Mr. Javits had to try to prove that he was an anti-Communist by appearing before Senator Eastland, whose racist statements regularly supply the Communist propaganda mill abroad with material. He was attacked by a former protege of Senator McCarran, J. G. Sourwine, a since-defeated candidate for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Nevada; he has endured a continuing program of harassment from Senator William Jenner of Indiana, a bitterly anti-Eisenhower Republican. He has, in short, fallen afoul of the extremists, some Democratic and some Republican, and that explains the whispering campaign. When things like this still happen, it is no wonder that Americans regard politics as a dirty business.

THE TWAIN

WITH THE NEWS that the two wings of the Italian Socialists are trying seriously to make up and rejoin forces, the political picture in Italy grows more confusing. There is little doubt that the urgings of the Socialist International are partly responsible for this major attempt to repair a nine-year split, particularly as negotiations ensued after the visit of a French Senator and Socialist, Pierre Commin, who urged a reconciliation.

Early in the negotiations Signor Nenni, head of the Left-Wing Socialists, who have a following twice the size of the Saragat Right-Wing dissidents, reportedly gave voice to the view that socialists are called upon to be anti-capitalist rather than anti-Communist. He also is said to have asserted that

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"the country would not understand it," if he were to agree that the new Socialist Party would never seek Communist support nor invite the Communists to join the Socialists in a coalition government. Yet at present writing reunification appears to be going steadily forward.

Signor Nenni's somewhat critical magazine article last June was the first time in nine years he had openly deviated from unswerving loyalty to his Italian Communist allies. Is he predominantly an old-line, doctrinaire European anti-clerical or is he rather actually a loyal Communist or all-out fellow-traveler? In the latter case his apparent acquiescence would be simply another stratagem.

The concessions he is reported to have obtained in exchange for rejoining the Right-Wing Socialists could well indicate no change at all in his basic views and allegiance. His faction's pact with the Italian Communists is not to be denounced or even formally revoked; it is to be allowed quietly to evaporate. There is to be no discrimination against Left-Wing Socialists in the matter of government jobs. The anti-Communist labor unions are to return to the Communist-dominated CGIL federation, which in turn is supposed to change character and become non-political.

In return for these important concessions made by the Right-Wing Socialists Signor Nenni appears to be offering mighty little. He agrees in a general way that the new Socialist Party cooperate loyally with the Atlantic Pact, but without explicitly subscribing to it. Also involved is undoubtedly some general promise about non-cooperation with the Italian Communists. The bases for reunification are still being discussed in protracted sessions point by point. But the agreements reached so far—in the light of Nenni's past record—are anything but reassuring.

MR. TRUMAN ON HISS

HARRY TRUMAN is a stubborn man. On a television program recently, he surprised everyone—including, we feel sure, Adlai Stevenson—by blandly asserting: 1) that Alger Hiss was never a Communist spy, and 2) that, although he had not coined the phrase, the term "red herring" was an accurate description of the Congressional investigation that unmasked Hiss.

Mr. Truman was always an all-or-nothing man, and he continues true to form. In his book, no friend ever let him down, no official in his Administration ever betrayed him and his country. By now, we suppose, everyone is used to this aspect of Mr. Truman's character, and we doubt that even the Republicans were quite as shocked by this as they pretended to be. But what bothers us is that it all seems so unnecessary.

Mr. Truman made mistakes. Alger Hiss is a symbol of the fact that he, like many other Americans, was slow in grasping the fact that espionage by native-born American Communists could be a real problem. This unwillingness to admit a flaw inside his own Administration in turn led to excesses in the other direction, as opportunists saw a chance to make political capital out of the Communists-in-government issue. But Mr. Truman is safe enough, we think, in leaving the verdict on his Administration to history, without trying to say it was completely without fault; he can, without any doubt, show that his prompt and decisive resistance to Communist aggression, in Greece, in Korea, in Turkey, did more to check the spread of Communism than anything most of his critics have done. On the over-all picture, therefore, Mr. Truman has little to fear. But he should leave it at that; there is no use in his trying to pretend that the Hiss case was something invented by the Republicans to bedevil him.

SPUR TO CONFORMITY

FOR AT LEAST a generation or two American families have been moving out into the suburbs of our larger cities for the sake of the children. This is an old story to which the current accelerated pace of suburban development has imparted some new twists. The sunshine, fresh air and safe play areas are as desirable as ever—undoubtedly more so. But a new pattern has crystallized if we are to believe the convincing observations of Professor Ernest R. Mowrer of Northwestern at the recent meeting of the American Sociological Society.

His findings for the Chicago area seem widely applicable to suburbs in other parts of the United States. Here are a few of his conclusions. Children in the suburbs tend to be pampered by their parents as never before. The wife tends to serve as their chauffeur, the husband as handyman. In jobs about the house husband and wife often exchange their masculine and feminine roles. The fact that homes are child-centered, and neighborly discussion largely confined to personal affairs, makes for a conformity of views that is transcended only in time—when the suburb matures to the point that it approaches the sophistication of the city.

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Challenge to America

"IF WE CANNOT OR WILL NOT SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF RACE RELATIONS, OUR FUTURE IS IN SERIOUS JEOPARDY"

L. J. TWOMEY

THE PROBLEM of race relations in the United States is of key importance. If we cannot or will not solve it in the tradition of genuine Americanism, then our future is in serious jeopardy. For in no other particular has the disparity between what we preach and what we practice been as glaring.

Basic to the problem of race relations is the white man's assumption of superiority. Just when the white race made up its mind that it was the master race is lost in the dim historic past. But the assertion, either implicit or explicit, of white supremacy is written all over the record of the Western world at least since the age of the great discoveries in the late fifteenth century and thereafter.

In the Western hemisphere, notably in the Northern half, the white supremacy fallacy got its most vicious expression with the beginning of the slave trade in the early seventeenth century. By colonial days, slavery had become an established institution, especially on Southern plantations. And when we emerged from the Revolutionary War as a new nation, slavery had been built into the very structure of our political, economic and cultural life. Almost ninety years and the fighting of one of the bloodiest civil wars in history were to elapse before it would be eliminated as an accepted American practice. Yet it is historically false to maintain that segregation, rather than the concept of white supremacy, is rooted in long-standing traditions. Actually, it was not until the 1890's that disenfranchisement laws were enacted. And it was not until the early part of this century that the segregation pattern became fixed in Southern laws and customs.

Ironically, in view of the present clamor about the Supreme Court, of all the influences at work during this period none was more effective in making segregation part of the accepted pattern in American life than the Court. Take, for example, the Plessy vs. Ferguson decision of 1896. This decision was concerned with the question of whether a state could segregate Negro train passengers from white without violating the Constitutional rights of its citizens. The Court said "Yes," provided the service was equal. By this decision, one of the most famous ever handed down by the Supreme Court, the "separate but equal" doctrine was written into American law. A precedent was thus set which was intimately to affect practically every aspect of Negro-white relations in the United States from that time on.

Father L. J. Twomey, S. J., is the director of the Institute of Industrial Relations at Loyola University, New Orleans.

ODDLY enough, the lone dissent in this case, by Justice John Marshall Harlan, is more widely quoted than the majority opinion, and it has important lessons for us today. It reads in part: "But in view of the Constitution, in the eye of the law, there is in this country no superior, dominant, ruling class of citizens. There is no caste here. Our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. In respect of civil rights, all citizens are equal before the law. The humblest is the peer of the most powerful. The law regards man as man, and takes no account of his surroundings or of his color when his civil rights as guaranteed by the supreme law of the land are involved. It is, therefore, to be regretted that this high tribunal, the final exposition of the fundamental law of the land, has reached the conclusion that it is competent for a state to regulate the enjoyment by citizens of their civil rights solely upon the basis of race."

And Justice Harlan continued: "The destinies of the two races in this country are indissolubly linked together, and the interests of both require that the common government by all shall not permit the seeds of race hate to be planted under the sanction of law. What can more certainly arouse hate, what more certainly create and perpetuate a feeling of distrust between these races than the enactments which in fact proceed on the ground that colored citizens are so inferior and degraded that they cannot be allowed to sit in public coaches occupied by white citizens?. . ." "In my opinion," he concluded, "the judgment this day rendered will in time prove to be quite as pernicious as the decision made by this tribunal in the

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Dred Scott case. . . . The thin disguise of equal accommodations for passengers in railroad coaches will not mislead anyone, nor atone for the wrong this day done. . ."

THIS ANALYSIS by Justice Harlan is, I think, the only valid interpretation that can be placed on the American Constitution. If his dissent had been adopted as the majority opinion, the subsequent history of race relations in this country would not have been such as now to imperil the future of democracy. Unfortunately, it was not.

Through the years after 1896, it is true that the harshness of Plessy vs. Ferguson was softened in certain important aspects. As early as 1917 the Supreme Court outlawed zoning laws which enforced segregated housing. In subsequent years, all forms of segregation in interstate travel were also ruled out. And within the last ten years, the Court has required many state universities to accept qualified Negro applicants. In none of these cases, however, was the issue joined as to the constitutionality of the "separate but equal" provision of the 1896 decision.

In the years between 1948 and 1954, however, the Supreme Court, in a series of important civil rights cases, gave clear warning that it would not tolerate for much longer "separate but equal" as a constitutionally acceptable practice. And on May 17, 1954, occurred one of the great events in American history. On that day a unanimous Supreme Court decision repudiated the "separate but equal" doctrine for the travesty on truth and justice which it had always been, declaring that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal" and in violation of the equal protection of the laws provision of the 14th Amendment and the due process of law provision of the 5th Amendment. The Court did not tell the several states in question how to run their respective school systems. But it did tell them that they could not run their schools so as to do violence to the fundamental law of the land. And exactly fifty-four weeks later, the Court ordered that its May 17, 1954, decree be put into effect in a manner "consistent with good faith compliance at the earliest practicable date."

AROUND THESE two Court actions there has raged a battle of vast and fateful dimensions. The battle-ground is confined almost exclusively to the South. Resistance to these decisions has precipitated our most serious internal crisis since the Civil War. It will continue to be fierce and articulate for an unpredictable period.

The tragic fact is that governors of states, members of Congress and state legislatures, prominent civic, professional, business and even labor leaders do not hesitate to attack openly not only the decisions of the Court, but the character and loyalty of the Justices themselves. This is not to speak of the even more reprehensible tactics of the White Citizens' Councils and other like-purpose organizations, which have large and influential membership throughout the Southern states. Through these rebellious groups, political, economic, and even physical reprisals have been threatened and in many instances visited upon those who agree with the Court and loyally urge that its mandates be carried out with "good faith compliance."

The typical Southern attitude holds that only in a rigidly segregated society can "the Southern way of life be preserved." It is the claim of most Southerners, then, that in resisting the Supreme Court, they are defending "the sacred traditions of the South." In reply to that claim I repeat here what I have said on many Southern platforms: "I am a Southerner. I was born and raised in what is popularly known as the Deep South. I believe I know this region, its problems, its strength, its weaknesses. In the light of the knowledge, I yield to no other in my loyalty and devotion to the things that are genuinely Southern. But as a Southerner I assert with all the emphasis at my command that no traditions of the South are worthy of respect, much less of un-Christian, undemocratic defense, which violate the elementary demands of human decency. I am a Southerner, intensely proud of my Southern heritage. But I am before all else a Christian and an American, and I will never recognize that any demand of my Southern loyalty can come between me and my loyalty to God and to America."

In blind pursuit of their objective "to keep the South a white man's country," these misguided Southerners are actually inflicting grave injury on the South. Already this injury can be measured in terms of serious economic and cultural losses. And this is not to speak of the lasting damage being done to the good name of the South.

Even these losses, however, are as nothing compared to the damage inflicted on America. If it is to

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survive, America must gain the allegiance of the eight hundred million people, one-third of the earth's population, who as-of-now are uncommitted either to Communism or to Democracy. These hundreds of millions, with their human and material resources, constitute the balance of power in the world today. And of this vast number, the overwhelming majority are colored people. It was with these facts in mind that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the American people in December, 1952: "Let our people intensify their determination to respect human rights and fundamental freedom. Our discriminations at home and abroad are not only a moral blot on our so-called Christian civilization, but they are a major international hazard." And Vice President Richard Nixon, in December, 1953, declared: "Every act of racial discrimination or prejudice is blown up by the Communists abroad and it hurts America as much as an espionage agent who turns over a weapon to a foreign enemy."

In the context of such warnings, any American, in the South or in the North, who holds to the theory of white supremacy and actively promotes the political, economic and social restrictions necessary to make the theory particularly effective, is in fact undermining this country's strength in the face of the enemy. It is for such a Southerner or Northerner to defend himself against the charge of un-American activity.

IN VIEW of all this, how can we explain what is happening in the South? I know no completely satisfying answer to that question. Southerners by and large are good people. But most Southerners have for generations taken for granted the political, economic and social patterns which assigned the Negro to a second-class status. Until quite recently many of them did not give a second thought to what were objectively grave violations of human rights, and they are now victims of uncritical conformism to a system, the basic evil of which they never challenged. Having grown up accepting segregation as an integral part of Southern living, they now argue, by an involved process of rationalization, that the injustices and uncharitableness of the present racial system are only accidentally associated with segregation. They do not condone these distortions of right order, but they will not admit that racial segregation as such is immoral. They claim that greater and greater effort must be made to bring equality of educational and economic opportunity to the Negro, but they insist that this objective must be realized within the traditional framework of separation, enforced both by law and custom. Because of these deep-rooted attitudes, the Supreme Court decision struck with staggering force, and the South was stunned. Since then, fear and hysteria, whipped up by the extremists, have all but rendered powerless the relatively few Southerners who received the Court's decision with good grace and even enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, there is a brighter side. It is certainly not my intention to minimize the grim seriousness of the racial crisis in the South, but there is solid ground for hope. Sooner rather than later the angry wave of emotional recklessness will spend itself. Probably within five years the South will have begun effectively to assert its better self. Then conformity to the dictates of morality and law will become the rule of the times.

What evidence is there for this optimism? In the first place, the Southern conscience, despite all appearances, is profoundly disturbed. Here the work of religious leaders of all faiths has been tremendously important. Consider, for example, the work of the great Archbishop of New Orleans, the Most Rev. Joseph Francis Rummel. For years he had proved himself the champion of justice and charity for the Negro, and, in the face of certain and spirited opposition, he placed himself and the Catholic Church within his jurisdiction solidly behind the Supreme Court. His most telling display of courageous leadership came in the form of his now famous Pastoral Letter of February 11, 1956, in which he invoked his authority as a successor of the Apostles and solemnly declared: "Racial segregation as such is morally wrong and sinful." This declaration has caused innumerable Southerners, Catholic and non-Catholic, to look into their consciences as they have never done before. From such soul-searching is coming a deeper understanding of what justice and charity demand. And this new insight will be the basis upon which a true sense of brotherhood between Negro and white can be fostered.

Another sign of happier times to come is the intensive educational process now in progress. It is taking place around cracker-barrels in country stores, in the setting of professional organizations and fashionable social clubs, on street corners, at the family dinner table, in formal lectures, from the pulpit, in the classrooms, through the newspapers, over TV, and the radio and even in the Citizens' Council meetings. No other topic so engrosses the attention of high and low, rich and poor, literate and illiterate, segregationist and integrationist, as does the question of race relations. Hitherto, if mentioned at all, it was by way of casual reference. Assuredly, traditional Southern attitudes are being jolted as never before.

A third and final chapter in the foreshadowing of a happier future is now being compiled quietly but ever so effectively on college and university campuses all over the South, and in the thought and action, the minds and hearts of ever growing thousands of Southerners. They know that segregation and all it implies is an affront to the God-given dignity of both Negro

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and white, and a betrayal of the basic truths of democracy. They are thoroughly out of patience with the transparent ruse of using the perfectly legitimate principle of State's rights in order to tear down human rights. They are unwilling any longer to profess one set of norms for human behavior and to act according to another. Hence they want the South to accept graciously the decision of the Supreme Court and to work earnestly toward transplanting its letter and spirit not only into our educational system but into our religious, political, economic, and cultural institutions as well. They want all this because they love the South and because they want the South to prove to a skeptical world that democracy is what we claim.

AT THE START, I observed that the race problem is one of acute concern for all Americans. This is true in the North as well as in the South. It is easy enough to be critical of the South, and I readily admit that it is not beyond criticism. But it is also much easier to examine the other fellow's conduct than to look into our own. In the South there are laws to force the Negro into an underprivileged position. Outside the South, there are more subtle forms of discrimination. Go to Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and even Los Angeles; in these areas you will find, not in quantity I grant, but in quality, if I may use that word, as glaring examples of man's inhumanity to man as you will find anywhere in the South. I say this, not in any querulous mood, for I have never believed that it makes the Southern pot any cleaner to call the Northern kettle black, but to emphasize the critical importance of human relations not so much as a Southern problem or as a Northern problem, but as a national and a world problem.

It is time for all of us to take with deadly seriousness the great eternal truths. There is a God above us, the Creator and Ruler of the world. Every man is made in the image and likeness of God; he is not a mere animal but a rational being with an immortal destiny, vested with a pattern of rights which no one can dare violate with impunity. Every man is a sacred being, more precious than the material world and all the riches thereof; he cannot be made a cog in the collective machinery of an all-powerful state, or a prop to support the white man's pride of race.

Political society is the instrument in the hands of a free people not alone to preserve law and order but also to take positive means to insure a reign of justice for all its citizens regardless of religion, race or national origin. For all its serious faults, America has given her people the most equitable form of government in world history. Today we are passing through one of the great turning points of history, and whether men are to be free or slave depends to a large extent on the United States. Do we Americans have the dedication, the courage to think and to live in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights"? If so, it is time to prove it. And in the process we will prove to ourselves and the world that democracy is not an illusion.

FROM FRANCE

The Burden of Algeria

ROBERT BARRAT

THE MOLLET cabinet came out on top in July in the two troubling parliamentary debates on Euratom and on funds for the military forces in Algeria. Nevertheless, the opinion is widespread among thoughtful observers in Paris that the present regime will have to change its Algerian policy or give way to another government early in October.

The Algerian matter is about to involve France in major economic, financial and social difficulties. We have an army of nearly half a million men in Algeria, and the cost of military operations between now and 1957 will rise to 500 billion francs. Whether through taxes or borrowing, it is France, and France alone this time, that will have to meet the costs of this war. There were a few who nurtured the hope, following Nasser's rude seizure of the Suez Canal, that the three Western nations were going to act together in a common defense against "Arab imperialism." That would have meant that the United States would have given the French financial support, as they had in Indochina. But this hope was short-lived.

Our great finance minister, M. Ramadier, thus con-

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fronts an extremely difficult problem. The French tax system is as inequitable as any system with which a civilized nation has been saddled: there are, for instance, only 700,000 Frenchmen who pay income taxes. Such tax revenues are derived from small incomes which are impossible to conceal; many categories, such as the liberal professions, business and farming, virtually escape income taxes altogether, thanks to fraud.

To finance military expenditures through taxes would be to put the burden on those groups which comprise the main electoral support of the Socialist party—workers, wage-earners, government employees. The Mollet government is therefore in danger of provoking a great wave of social agitation similar to that of three years ago. That is why it has tentatively chosen the other way, that of borrowing. There will be no recourse to new taxes this year unless the amount subscribed to the loan fails to reach 150 billions.

But as a number of commentators have noted, this will hardly work. Inflation is inevitable unless the individuals who subscribe to the loan do so by depriving themselves of consumer's goods instead of investing in private enterprise. However, in France at least, the people who subscribe to such loans do not belong to those groups who cut down on their buying of goods and services. These people instead generally turn over to the French Treasury sums which they have deposited in banks or savings associations and are not planning to use. Hence, by cutting in on taxable income, the State itself is financing three-quarters of its own borrowing.

THIS LOAN, therefore, is disguised inflation, and the government, despite all its wholly theoretical control of prices, will not succeed in holding back a general price rise. In a few weeks or months those most unfavorably situated will find that their standard of living has gone down. Everything indicates that by October drives for wage increases will be launched by the three major French labor federations.

To this matter for latent discontent must be added a number of others. The small marginal enterprises, as well as the large industries, are affected by the number of their specialists and skilled workers who depart for Algeria. Executives know also that sooner or later new taxes will be levied on business and that the depreciation of the franc will make it more difficult for them to import. Many young peasants are absent from their fields.

Finally, the war in Algeria is claiming more victims than are reported in the press. In many French villages and cities families are receiving telegrams announcing that their sons have been killed in Algeria. Everyone wonders: "How long will it last? Is this a new Indochina? Will it take seven years, and kill off the flower of French youth, to arrive at compromise terms which will be harsher for us than what we could obtain now by negotiations?"

M. Mollet and the Socialist or Radical ministers are aware of all these pessimistic appraisals of the situation. They also know that if the Algerian *fellaghas* can hardly expect to inflict serious defeats on a reinforced French army, it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that the army will ever succeed in wholly eliminating the Algerian *maquis* or suppress native terrorism in the cities. There is never an end to it, when resistance movements have the moral support of the native population—that is the lesson of the last war and of the Indonesian or Indochina conflicts.

The fact is that the whole Moslem population of Algeria is now united behind the resistance movements, and the general strike called in July brought out eighty per cent of the workers in the cities. Two years of repressive measures and a policy of force have produced this result, little to the renown of our political leaders: it has created the unity of the Algerian people, which the Nationalists had vainly been trying to bring about for over half a century.

Even the Minister of Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs and the French Colonial Minister can no longer ignore the disastrous consequences of the Algerian conflict upon our relations with our ancient protectorates and countries like the Cameroons or Madagascar. If the conflict is to last through the winter, the solidarity which exists between the Moslems and the colonized will cause terrorism to reappear in Morocco and Tunisia and will lead to the formation of *maquis* on the Dark Continent.

ALL THIS should lead the French leaders to seek out, in the weeks ahead, a solution by means of negotiations. The resolution adopted at the recent Socialist Congress, and the conversations between M. Mollet and Mr. Nehru, or the Pakistan Minister, Mohammed Ali, would seem to indicate that the French Premier is directing all his efforts to this end. Yet there is reason for doubt. For if he wanted to nego-

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tiate, M. Mollet would have only to reply to the Nationalist leader, Ferhat Abbas, that the Council of the French Ministry has itself adopted the resolution of the Socialist Congress demanding a cease-fire and proposing for Algeria the formation of executive and legislative institutions—that is to say, to sanction the creation of an Algerian State.

But the French ministers, and M. Mollet himself, continue to multiply declarations in which they speak of indissoluble links with France, of free elections "once calm has returned," etc. None of these propositions has any chance of winning the assent of the Algerian leaders. Moreover, there are more and more acts of violence in Algeria against Frenchmen who favor a liberal solution and an agreement with the Moslems. European terrorist groups have for several weeks been making masked coups against the Moslems, which are really directed against priests, liberals and teachers whom the Resident has ordered arrested or expelled from the country, and whose only crime is to have retained the confidence of the Moslem people.

Admittedly, the fact is that there are several obstacles to immediate negotiations. The first is an understandable anxiety about the future. If Algeria becomes independent, what fate will the Moslems reserve for the European minority? Whatever it is, the longer the war continues the harder this fate will become. A good political agreement will better protect the lives and interests of our compatriots than the military operations now taking place. The writer Tibor Mende once observed that in Asia good relations between the colonizers and the colonized were directly proportionate to the manner and speed with which the colonizers had brought the colonial regime to an end. That is true for Africa as well, and it is especially true for North Africa.

The second obstacle is anxiety about the present. Negotiation with the Algerian Nationalists will have to be imposed on those little groups of Europeans who favor simply a policy of force and who are called there the "ultras." These administrators, police officials, publishers of newspapers, petty colonists and great magistrates, have consistently opposed any liberal solution for years. They realize that they will be ruined, and forced to leave the country when an independent Algerian republic sees the light of day. They therefore organized the disorders of last February and, as much as they were able, have influenced the policy of Lacoste in the direction of repression. They are the ones, for example, who demanded and obtained the execution of several condemned to death, under the pretext "that with the Arabs one must never capitulate." This resulted in twenty outbreaks and twelve deaths in Algiers within forty-eight hours. A change of policy is therefore impossible until this opposition of the "ultras" is disarmed and until the bulk of the European population is made to understand that their interests require the setting up of negotiations.

That means that, as Gilbert Grandval did in Morocco a year ago, M. Lacoste, Resident in Algeria, would have to dismiss a certain number of high functionaries, expel several leaders of the colonist movements, silence a few police officers—some fifty people in all. That seems a small thing in order to protect thousands of human lives in the future. But aside from M. Grandval in Morocco, there have been no other examples of Residents, Ministers, or governments that dared to clean out the Augean stables in our colonial administrations. There are too many common material interests shared by the parties, the bureaucracy and the economic empires involved in colonization.

THIS IS the problem. And will M. Mollet dare to attack the "ultras" of Algiers, suspend the local papers and expel some fifty Frenchmen? Will he be able to count on his Minister, M. Lacoste, who has always proclaimed his intention not to fight on two fronts at once? All that we know about the character of the French Premier and of the Socialist temperament in general seems to indicate that the present government will have no stomach for such a test of force.

Is it likely, then, that the present state of things will continue until the winter? I should think so unless something similar to what took place in Morocco a year ago develops. The bloody day of the twentieth of August, which had been predicted by all observers, stirred up such feeling in France that M. Faure had to call a hasty conference at Aix les Bains which ended in the return of the Sultan and Moroccan independence.

The other possibility is that the situation will stabilize; ambushes and terrorist raids will alternate with reprisals and repressive operations. But a domestic upheaval in France, brought on by the unrest of the soldiers called to the colors, or of the working classes, or of the taxpayers, will then threaten the downfall of the government.

Who could be successor to the Socialist government? A national coalition comprising all the old leaders—Auriol, Pleven, Bidault, Laniel, Pinay, Faure? Or a new republican front led by Mendes-France, the only man whose prestige is still intact in North Africa and the French overseas colonies? But his own followers do not hide the fact that Pierre Mendes-France has succeeded in inspiring such hostility among the Rightists that, at the very least, the authority of a De Gaulle would be required to enable him to assume the reins again.

Such are the speculations that are being formulated in Paris during a summer which is teeming with important developments. Which of these hypotheses will work out? At the moment no one can say.

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Last Fortress of the Celt

DAVID H. GREENE

ONE ALWAYS thinks of Ireland in the terms in which she has been described by generations of ballad makers and song writers—a land carpeted the year round in grass of emerald green, with pleasant vales and white, thatched cottages. The picture is not an untrue one, for the soft climate keeps everything green twelve months of the year and the soil grows everything from the hardy potato to tropical plants and flowers. But the part of Ireland I found myself approaching last December across thirty miles of Galway bay was not the Ireland of the song writers but three gray masses of limestone rock known as the Aran Islands. That morning in Galway when I boarded the little steamer which twice a week—weather permitting—carries passengers and mail to the islands, I went into the wheelhouse, where I could see the whitecaps in the bay and perhaps catch a glimpse of the Connemara mountains on my right and the cliffs of Moher in County Clare on my left. But the seas were rough, the skies overcast and I saw nothing until the middle island of Inishmaan emerged, looking like one of those island apparitions described in the Irish voyage-literature of the Middle Ages. The only passengers besides myself and an American student who accompanied me were some sea-sick women and children who were returning from a visit to the mainland.

Fifty-eight years ago a young Irishman named John Millington Synge came to Aran from Paris after four years of frustration as a book reviewer to find in this "most desolate stony place," as Yeats described it, a people passionate and simple like his own heart. It was here, among the first native speakers of Irish he had ever heard, that he learned to mold an idiom half-English, half-Irish, so exotic that V. S. Pritchett once described him as sporting like a dolphin in the riotous ocean of an English language which still has something of the fabulous air of a foreign tongue for him.

On Inishmaan and Inishere, the smallest of the three islands that make up the group, Synge saw, as one sees today, a life that has all but disappeared from the rest of Ireland. The women all dressed in red flannel skirts and plaid shawls, so brilliant against the gray background of limestone and sand; the men in blue turtle-neck sweaters, homespun trousers and vests, gray as the rocks, and wearing a kind of cowhide moccasin called a *pampootie,* ideal for walking cat-footed over the rocks or for rowing a *curragh,* the traditional canoe of the west of Ireland made of tarred canvas and laths. The kelp industry and the old women keening by the open grave, which Synge described in *The Aran Islands,* have disappeared. But other aspects of life on these two islands, where mainland influences have not penetrated as they have on the main island of Inishmore, have changed little from what he saw and described half a century ago.

Synge was not the first among Irish writers to discover Aran. When he landed on Inishmore in 1898 Lady Gregory, whom he was not to meet until later, was there gathering folkstories. Two years before, W. B. Yeats had landed on the same island with his friend Arthur Symons to get color for a novel he was working on but never published. Both Yeats and Symons wrote accounts of their impressions, and both record hearing the same story which Synge heard and transformed into *The Playboy of the Western World*—the story of the man who murdered his father in Connacht and fled to the islands where the people hid him from the police. Other visitors to the islands had been folklorists, linguists studying the language, and antiquarians like Sir William Wilde, the father of Oscar Wilde, and George Petrie, for the islands are particularly rich in monuments of the heroic past: massive stone forts, the most remarkable in western Europe, from the Bronze Age; oratories and the beehive-like stone houses called *cloghans,* built by the monks of the ninth and tenth centuries; holy wells, inscribed stones, saints' beds and ruined churches of a later period, and from a more modern age two ruined castles, O'Brien's castle on Inishere and Arkin castle on Inishmore. Arkin seems to enjoy the distinction of being the only building in Ireland which the Cromwellian soldiery instead of tearing down actually restored and built up.

THE MANY ecclesiastical ruins on Aran indicate that it was once the site of flourishing religious communities. Quite the opposite today. For the eighteen hundred people of the islands there are three priests, two on Inishmore and one who shuttles back and forth in a *curragh* between Inishere and Inishmaan.

Mr. Greene, a member of the faculty of New York University, is writing the authorized biography of John M. Synge.

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There are no Protestants on the islands, and a large Protestant church on Inishmore, unused since 1922, bears witness to the departure of British officials when Ireland achieved its independence. Each of the three islands has a resident nurse, but Dr. James O'Brien, an islander with a Dublin medical degree who lives on Inishmore, comes over in a *curragh* to each of the other islands when he is needed. He and his nurse have the only motor car on the islands, a tiny cream-colored ambulance provided by the Galway County Council, and it struck me as an oddity threading its way among the donkey carts, sidecars and wagons coming down to the pier to meet the steamer. The only other motor vehicles are motor scooters owned by the curate and the school teacher on Inishmore. There is no electricity and communication with the mainland is by radio telephone.

Theater-goers who saw Robert Flaherty's documentary film *Man of Aran,* made twenty-five years ago on Inishmore, may recall that the only scenery in the film which was not sea or cliffs appeared to be flat rocks. One got the impression that the islands had literally no soil. Actually there are fields on all three islands, but they are hardly large enough to turn a wagon around in and are skimpy of soil. Naturally there are no bogs and the turf burned on the islands is brought in from Connemara. In the spring the cattle which have been foraging among the rocks all winter are shipped to the mainland for fattening on Connemara grass, and one of the great sights on Aran is the islanders swimming their cows out from shore behind their *curraghs* to be hoisted aboard the steamer. One man kneels in the stern of the *curragh,* watching for the thrashing legs to tire before he seizes the frightened animal by the horns and maneuvers her onto her side and brings her head to rest on the stern.

One wonders why the government, which keeps an agricultural adviser on Inishmore and subsidizes almost every activity of farm life, tries to make the people better farmers when the natural resources won't have it and when the sea, which the islanders have fished for generations, is an obvious source of sustenance and income. There is literally only one plow on Aran—on the only farm with enough land to make use of it. But every man, on the smaller islands at least, has his own *curragh* and can fish a meal out of the sea whenever the urge moves him. Yet there are only three small trawlers owned and operated by islanders and I was told their equipment is inferior to the French and Spanish trawlers—some of them with radar—which fish the waters of Galway bay in defiance of an Irish naval corvette. One explanation I have heard is that if the government trained the islanders in modern methods of offshore fishing and provided them with trawlers they would immediately emigrate with their newly acquired skills. This theory receives some support from the fact that emigration, the plague of Ireland, is also the chief problem on Aran. On the other hand, it must be apparent that the best answer to emigration is an industry that would relieve the islander of his dependence upon his meager soil and take him off the dole.

MEANWHILE the people of Aran, whose way of life constitutes one of the few surviving links with the Gaelic past, are particularly important to a nation quite understandably committed to the preservation of those areas where the native language has survived during centuries of English occupation. Aran's importance to the tourist trade alone, so vital for the rest of the country, would justify the present subsidization of island life. Last summer more than four thousand visitors came to Aran, most of them only for the three or four hours they would have at Inishmore while the steamer was making its calls at the other islands, or for a ride ashore in a *curragh* at Inishere or Inishmaan. From the top of O'Brien's castle on Inishere they could look down on the upturned *curraghs* nesting on the beach below like a platoon of tired seals. From the ramparts of Dun Conor, a primitive stone fort on Inishmaan where the original playboy hid in a passage and listened to the heels of the police grating on the stones over his head, they could look down on the cottage where Synge, Padraic Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh stayed. On Inishmore they could ride a side car out to the Seven Churches, chat with Maggie Dirrane, the star of O'Flaherty's *Man of Aran,* or climb up to Dun Aengus, a spectacular, horseshoe-shaped stone fort on the edge of precipitous cliffs, where Bronze-Age man made his last stand literally between the devil and the deep sea. With its vast collection of ruins, the remnant of a violent and continuous past, its towering cliffs and limestone wastes, and the men in their homespuns rowing out in their *curraghs* to take them ashore, the summer tourists find Aran, as I found it, one of the last remaining places in western Europe where you can step, for a moment, into the past.

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THE SCREEN

SEASONED WITH GALLIC

IT WAS INEVITABLE that the foreign films, not to be outdone by Hollywood excursions into family life, would also remember mama, papa, and just about everyone else. The French have remembered and have come up with "Papa, Mama, the Maid and I," a sort of sophisticated Gallic-flavored "Life with Father." The delightful script by Marcel Ayme and Pierre Very isn't very strong on plot but it's packed with homey atmosphere and amiable kidding of the great and large middle class. And Jean-Paul Le Chanois has directed his fine cast with warmth and understanding for the people whose foibles he is exposing on the screen.

Fernand Ledoux, as the strict Papa, a biology teacher in a girls' school, is properly bossy, dogmatic, difficult and over-concerned with keeping accounts to make ends meet. He thinks he's head of the house, but actally it's Mama, played to perfection by Gaby Morlay, who keeps Papa in line by making him think he's boss and who, in her delightfully dilly way, gets what she wants—even the lead role in an amateur production of *Camille*. After a series of maids, all of whom are most apt at breaking china and leaving their jobs, the maid of the title, played sweetly and prettily by Nicole Courcel, moves in. She's not really a maid at all, but a girl in the apartment upstairs who's in love with the "I" of the title and hopes to win him by getting in good with Papa and Mama. She succeeds at once with Mama, who respects her ability and is not at all averse to the match. She succeeds with Papa, too, but little suspects that Papa fancies himself interested in her. And the son of the family, the "I," is portrayed in a nice, bumbling sort of way by Robert Lamoureux as a young man who's trying to be a lawyer while struggling with Papa's domination and his own budding love for the girl upstairs.

It is hard to say what makes "Papa, Mama, the Maid and I" so much fun. Perhaps its charm is due to the gentle satire on middle-class life with all the film's accurate details: the apartment house in which these people live in Paris, the small incidents in their daily lives, the good and seemingly untheatrical performances of the cast, the droll comments in the English narration which explains the action not translated in the sub-titles and which is so pleasantly delivered by Claude Dauphin; or perhaps, most of all because the picture has caught so well the love that the members of this family have for each other. Although annoyed with his father, the son comes loyally to his defense when the older man is in difficulty at school. For all its satire, the picture glows with warmth and understanding and has an appeal that should be universal.

AN AMERICAN FILM, also made in Paris, also tries to kid its fellows, but "The Ambassador's Daughter" is one of those slick affairs that has more polish than depth and overdoes each joke until the point is lost. Written, produced and directed by Norman Krasna, "The Ambassador's Daughter" has a brilliant cast, stunning Technicolor photography of Paris handsomely spread across a CinemaScope screen, and plenty of clever wisecracks. But somehow the whole thing is never as much fun as it thinks it is.

While the American ambassador in Paris (Edward Arnold) is upset by a visiting Senator (Adolphe Menjou) who wants to declare Paris out-of-bounds for service men, his daughter (Olivia de Havilland) entertains the Senator's wife (Myrna Loy); and resenting the Senator's slurs on service men, Olivia poses as a fashion model, dates a sergeant (John Forsythe) and tries to prove that GI's are gentlemen. All this leads to some interesting tours of Paris and a lot of confusion for the young couple (who aren't really as young as they act) when they fall in love. Tommy Noonan, as John's bewildered buddy, helps the fun along, but all the efforts of this fancy cast cannot disguise the fact that the characterizations are as empty as the froth they are play-acting. Perhaps "The Ambassador's Daughter" is trying to be another "Roman Holiday." It isn't; and, for that matter, neither is it particularly a Parisian holiday.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"ELECTIONS IN JAPAN"

Chicago, Illinois.

TO the Editors: May I pass on some conclusions drawn from Murray Polner's excellent summary of the "Elections in Japan" [Aug. 31]?

Much of the success of Japan's Socialist party would seem to derive from their alignment with the wave of neutralism now sweeping the "Asiatic" countries of the world. In Japan, as elsewhere, this desire to withdraw from cold war tensions allies itself with a strong nationalism. These feelings cannot be sloughed off, for they have taken genuine root in the vote-conscious peoples of Japan.

In the week prior to the elections I was traveling in the south of Japan's main island, where an eager but polite Japanse student asked my opinion of the then-explosive question of expanding America's Okinawa

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Air Bases. My remarks, on America's need to hem in the Soviet for our mutual defensive purposes, fell on expressionless eyes; there was no common understanding between us.

To the many Japanese who demanded the limitation and possible expulsion of American power on Okinawa, there was no thought that these bases might serve a real need. And to fill out the picture of complete neutralism: just as the Socialists led the agitation for the limitation of U.S. might on Okinawa, so, too, a vote for the Socialists supported the no-war clause in the Japanese Constitution which limits arms. Whether or not this neutralism may be a false never-never land to us, it appears as a real haven to a growing number of Japanese. So, just as elsewhere in the "Asiatic" world, we must soon be prepared to meet a Japan aggressively asserting its right to be neutral.

Mr. Polner has particularized what George F. Kennan has recently generalized, namely, that "an over-militarization of approach to the cold war is losing us the sympathies of world opinion." But, while one must deplore the ham-handed, even off-handed, orientation of our State Department toward the rising force of neutralism, it must be admitted that no easy solution presents itself. If Russia and China remain a standing military threat, then Japan-based American forces must continue to exert tension on that border of the Communist world. At the same time we must give evidence of understanding to our Japanese friends who may tend to the neutralist course. Such a delicate balancing demands the highest wisdom of statesmen: an ability to work on an equal level with our friends and not preach down to them.

EDMUND S. WEHRLE.

CORRECTION

Lenox Dale, Mass.

TO the Editors: I am in receipt of a letter from Nevin Griffith, son of Ireland's Arthur Griffith, who writes, "There is an article on Sean O'Casey in the July 13 issue of The Commonweal. Did you see it? Interesting, except that my father wasn't a middle-class Protestant."

In the parish church at Clontarf (Dublin) the main altar is dedicated to the memory of Arthur Griffith, a devout Catholic.

(Rev.) TIMOTHY J. CHAMPOUX.

Vivian Mercier, who wrote "The Riddle of Sean O'Casey," sends his regrets for the error he made in referring to Arthur Griffith, a mistake he himself caught but too late for correction. The slip did not, of course, affect Mr. Mercier's estimate of Sean O'Casey.

The Editors.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

September, 1956

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Spirit of a Decade

THOMAS F. CURLEY

THE DECADE of 1945-55. We had weather every day. Sun, wind and rain, droughts, floods, tornadoes and hurricanes. Except for some increase in radioactivity, it was the same old weather we've always known. Not everything changed. There was baseball and the Kentucky Derby, Fourth of July, quieter than it used to be but still the Fourth, Thanksgiving Day and the Big Game, Christmas and Santa Claus, New Year's Eve, the Boston Marathon, Daylight-Saving Time and Memorial Day ceremonies. But for all the continuity, it was a crucial decade. Nobody denies it. I don't suppose that anyone under fifty can remember a decade that was not crucial. The history of America and Europe since 1914 seems to confirm the prophecy in the Communist Manifesto: "All that is solid melts in the air, all that is holy is profaned . . ." As someone said, the only thing we have to change is change itself. Professor Goldman has given us his version of our most recent crisis.*

What did it all mean? There are as many answers as there are people capable of answering—plus what you read in the newspapers. *The Crucial Decade* tells you pretty much what you read in the papers, and a little more. The author has queried a number of people who made the history or witnessed its making. You will learn of the dinner at the Colony where Senator McCarthy conceived the idea for his anti-Communist crusade and of Branch Rickey's instruction of Jackie Robinson in the art of turning the other cheek. In broad outline, however, Professor Goldman begins with the "Mood Maybe" of the war's end, through containment, Alger Hiss, Senator McCarthy and Korea to the Eisenhower Equilibrium of 1955 when, as the author concludes, the American people ". . . could know the pride of people who, sorely tempted to a frightened petulance, had in the long run reacted with good sense and not without courage and generosity." Somewhere in the book, Professor Goldman remarks on the Hollywood movie as indicative of the American temper. The movie runs for ninety minutes to a happy ending. Reading *The Crucial Decade* may take somewhat longer, yet the ending is also reassuring.

*THE CRUCIAL DECADE, AMERICA 1945-1955. By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf. $4.

Mr. Curley, a regular contributor to The Commonweal, is a New York novelist and critic.

I don't know. Alienation and discontent make a lean meal that only churls enjoy. And yet . . . well, Emmett Till *is* dead. There are people known as wetbacks and other marginal creatures who are not well-fed, well-clothed or well-housed. Workers revolted in East Germany and Poznan but Eastern Europe is not yet liberated. Anyone may add to the list by looking around. I mean to suggest that if America has achieved an equilibrium, it is one that resembles an after dinner's sleep, having neither youth nor age, but dreaming on both.

Professor Goldman tells us that his volume is based on no special theories about man or about history. He assumes that America will be saved ". . . if she is in need of salvation, not by men with banners but by those who are able to escape the banners long enough to think." Let me further assume that thinking is a normal human activity which has a way of spawning theories about man and history.

LONG BEFORE the decade began, Thomas Mann wrote: "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." W. B. Yeats replied with a short poem, beginning:

> How can I, that girl standing there,
> My attention fix
> On Roman or on Russian
> Or on Spanish politics?

In 1935-40, most people who read were on Mann's side; in 1945, a good many had switched to Yeats. We (I can speak only for myself and a few others.) were tired of ideologies and politics. We wanted out. America and her allies had just defeated a great totalitarian state, Nazi Germany. It was not long before we knew that our victory had benefited the only other genuine totalitarian state, Soviet Russia. By 1947, at the latest, many of us realized that, despite our sentiments, Mann was more nearly right than Yeats. The concentration camps could not be ignored; the stench was too strong. Perhaps more disturbing than the actual enormous brutalities we read of was the suspicion, soon to be confirmed by events, that totalitarianism was no mere monstrous mule, incapable of producing its kind. As we ran, we read. Orwell's *Animal Farm* coincided with the explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The "socialization" of Czecho-

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slovakia and the beginnings of the Hiss-Chambers spectacle were not far apart. In the *Kenyon Review,* Harold Rosenberg was soon to trace the emergence of "destiny-knowing" politics in Marx's thought. The Party must *possess* the proletariat in order to give the body life. In America, the theory of conspiracy began to be popular and at just about mid-decade Hannah Arendt, in *Origins of Totalitarianism,* told most of us more than we are as yet capable of grasping.

To be plain, I think this decade revealed that there exist in America two groups, seemingly mutually repugnant, that contain the seeds of a totalitarian movement: the "liberals" and those who *rabidly* supported Senator McCarthy. By "liberals" I do *not* mean those who defend civil rights or who are in favor of socialized medicine or public housing; I mean by "liberals" those who in 1946, 1947 and 1948 consistently supported Stalin's Russia as opposed to the United States, those who supported the terror in Russia as being necessary for industrialization. The "liberals" are dormant now but I doubt that they are dead. The rabid supporters of McCarthyism were, and are, less articulate than the "liberals" but their tendency was quite as plain. Behind shouts of Americanism was a contempt for most, if not all, American traditions. To argue for civil rights was hypocritical; to defend normal judicial and parliamentary practices was "unrealistic." Just as Lenin scorned all morality that did not derive from the class struggle of the proletariat, so too, McCarthyism sneered at all morality, at least all political morality, that was not subordinated to "anti-Communism." It was an apologist for Nazism, Carl Schmitt, who argued that, in order to exist, the political community must be *against* someone.

THIS EXPERIENCE of the decade will, however, be of no use to us if we resort to indignation and, in a revolt of the moderates, merely damn both extremes. A paragraph of Dr. Arendt's is pertinent here: "Our new difficulty is that we start from a fundamental distrust of everything merely *given,* a distrust of all laws and prescriptions, moral or social, that are deduced from a given, comprehensive, universal, whole. This difficulty involves the sources of authority of law and questions the ultimate goals of political organizations and communities; it forces us not only to find and devise new laws, but to find and devise their very measure, the yardstick of good and evil, the principle of their source. For man, in the sense of the nature of man, is no longer the measure, despite what the new humanists would have us believe. Politically, this means that before drawing up the constitution of a new body politic, we shall have to create—not merely discover—a new foundation for human community as such." I do not quote this in order to agree fully—a few of her imperatives seem to me impossible of achievement—but in order to indicate the depth and implications of our dilemma. (A dilemma is an equilibrium of sorts.)

For over a century now, many Europeans, including Karl Marx, have looked upon America as the country of the new-fangled man, the latter-day barbarian, without culture or piety, for whom the future has replaced the past as the source of effort and enthusiasm. This is not the picture we would draw of ourselves, but that may be due to the attention we give to sentiment and opinion as opposed to action, as well as to the traditions that have become venerable and cherished in less than two hundred years. We may feel conservatively, even think conservatively, but we do not act conservatively. In his chapter, "The Eisenhower Equilibrium," Professor Goldman recognizes this. Despite his emphasis on traditional values —or because of them, perhaps—the President has "tended to look for an *ad hoc* solution to a given situation and was willing to listen sympathetically, to quite contrasting points of view." In a century of ideologies, President Eisenhower, like most Americans, just cannot take ideologies seriously. But that attitude, while preserving reverence for the past, leaves us defenseless before the onslaught of all the nonrational and irrational forces that have come into being during the century. There is no greater political stupidity than to regard any radical movement as a mere conspiracy. This applies to the phenomenon of McCarthyism as well as to the so-called "creeping socialism" of which we heard so much.

In the meantime we restore Williamsburg, deploy and redeploy Lee's armies, create a Golden Age in the Old West and, with the other hand, tear up the countryside to make new through ways for the eighty million cars and trucks we anticipate by 1965, imagine utopias of autonomous, other-directed abundance and prepare for a final thrust past the frontiers of sex with the help of Kinsey Reports and a better, cheaper contraceptive. Side by side on a bus, one advertisement urges parents to give their children faith to live by and another suggests to young ladies that a certain garment, of special design, will bring them penthouses and oodles of money. Do we contradict ourselves? Very well, then. So what? Everything is possible.

We have heard that slogan before and have good reason to fear it. Deprived of tradition and of nature as guides, left entirely on his own, man, indeed, can become intoxicated by those boundless vistas, those "incredible Floridas" and, stumbling gleefully on, end up in gas chambers and slave-labor camps. To venture a prediction: when it becomes normal to think that everything is possible, it will be obvious that nothing is desirable.

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On Mary McCarthy's Advance to Farther Frontiers

SIGHTS AND SPECTACLES. By Mary McCarthy. Farrar, Straus. $3.50.

By RICHARD HAYES

MISS MARY McCarthy, whose disenchantment is private as well as cosmic, offers these Theatre Chronicles — taken from *Partisan Review*—with a bleak and remote indifference. Positively, they do not give her pleasure: if they possess any value, it is chiefly as "a report to a minority by one of their number from a front that was very distant, almost exotic." She sees in them, quintessentially, a blend of person and place. Nor, from the lucid plateau of middle life, does Miss McCarthy look upon this early person with favor: coolly she laments her ready tone of cockiness and unsupported *hauteur*. Without flinching, she exposes the particular egotism of the whole enterprise: "The notion that abstract reasoning can crush a fact (e.g., a successful play, a political phenomenon), a wholly un-Marxist notion, was nonetheless the principle on which most of our criticism was practiced. . . . I felt myself at the helm of authority. . . . I was determined to make good. . . ."

Inevitably, it chills; might not (a fatuous suggestion) Miss McCarthy allow her youth some softening haze of high audacity and cleansing scorn? For her image has charm: the salient heroine of *The Company She Keeps,* intolerably free, intolerably bound—"I remember," she writes, "how uneasy I felt when I decided that I *liked* Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." Was I starting to sell out?"—handsome and hatless, climbing to the balcony with her bought ticket, confident in the virtue of her position of attack. Nor did she lack for targets, the period directly before the war being a rich mine of liberal lunacies: Mr. Ben Hecht strenuously exhibiting his ideological virginity; Mr. Maxwell Anderson weaving his homespun myths out of Kleenex; Mr. Clifford Odets "resettling America, and even China, with citizens of the Bronx"; and those bizarre "human spectacles" of the Federal Theatre, didactic and hortatory, in one of which—attention, please, Dionysos—"a crowd of individualized Tennesseans danced to the coming of the TVA." Miss McCarthy writes mordant phantasies about these occasions and their authors, but the disproportion between her dialectical agility and *their* massive triviality—"fossilized remains of middle class American thoughts, wishes, moods during the past two decades"—is ultimately fatiguing.

The wartime theater, in its feverish, expensive nullity, next sustained Miss McCarthy's scrutiny, and here too she smoked out cant and viscous insincerity, with intermittent pauses at the healing oases of Shakespeare and Chekhov and Shaw. The rather inflated 'sense of social occasion' which pervades the earlier notices has declined; Miss McCarthy's sensibility to the chequered texture of reality is deeper, her will less insistent: she moves altogether in a freer ironic climate. Yet I would note parenthetically that the aspect of Miss McCarthy's criticism which her publishers most celebrate—her concern with theater as "pathology," as "event," as "a branch of social history"—seems to me the least substantial. Criticism projected on such terms has a certain *chic* and nervous stylishness; one moves, in a trance of grace, through a montage of allusions and names, inferences, frail implications of value, but all the while the object is receding: a collage of rather *voulu* and determined sensibility obscures it. This form is capable of surrendering an intense, witty, pointed pleasure—Miss McCarthy on the gentilities of the London theater, for example, is irreproachable and devastating—but ultimately it does not engage the intelligence at any grasping level of interest.

Miss McCarthy would, I venture to hope, concur in this judgment: the movement of her mind now seems all in the direction of personal encounter with artist and artifact: she is presently in her full range and maturity of discriminating power. Her accounts of O'Neill, of Shaw, of Tennessee Williams and Ibsen and Congreve and George Kelly, of Shakespeare even, may be disregarded by no one responsibly concerned with the quality of aesthetic experience. Often, they have the ferocious rancor and injustice of genius—one need not claim *everything* for "A Streetcar Named Desire" to recognize that Miss McCarthy has allowed it *nothing*—but at their best, they draw the subject into a dominating unity, alive in all its parts with a fertility of concept and image wholly rare. One flaw alone seems to me seriously to invalidate many of Miss McCarthy's theatrical judgments: an obsession with what must be called the reality principle. "Reality," of course, is the mythical criterion by which we judge the work of art, but the reality *of* art is surely not the reality of exact correspondence, of literal fidelity to fact and experience: rather it is the *translation* of that material of life into something else. Miss McCarthy, of course, knows this intimately, but she does not seem to admit it as an aesthetic premise or problem. At worst, this leads to her ludicrous scolding of the "slovenly casting" of a production which has "an Irishman playing a Jew, an American playing a Swede, and worst of all, two Americans playing Italians." This choice, Miss McCarthy continues magisterially and economically, "can hardly have been dictated by scarcity, considering the number of unemployed Italian divas and tenors in metropolitan New York." But what a havoc and shambles—indeed an irrelevance—would such an insistence make of the whole craft of acting? It is vexing that, when Miss McCarthy upbraids American plays for being badly written and poorly acted, we can have almost no substantiated sense of what she means.

"Quite possibly the cleverest writer the U. S. has ever produced," *Time* Magazine observed generously of Miss McCarthy, proceeding then,

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characteristically and with wounded cunning, to mount a feral attack on her private life. Clever, clever! How obscenely that word must ring in Miss McCarthy's mind, drowning out the praise of those to whom she has given pleasure, and the outrage of those whom she has terrified: no one can doubt she would be first to admit having done much to earn the epithet. Still, I would insist again—though I too have been scorched and chilled by her—that Miss McCarthy's quality is ultimately not comprehensible in the conventional terms of American experience. She has what Mr. Stark Young once called, in other circumstances, the Latin mind, which "does not understand sentiment . . . is full of clear lines of wit, of daylight disillusion and the instinct for laughter. . . . is aristocratic and barbarian at the same time, and neither of these can fit a bourgeois public." It is characteristic that, in *Sights and Spectacles,* Miss McCarthy celebrates most eloquently Congreve's "Love for Love," "a play which has no graspable subject but is like an equation in balance."

She is condemned by her *daimon* to inhabit the extremest reaches of intelligence and perception; she writes, in this volume, with a special grief and sobriety, of another exile, Shaw, who regarded himself as "the only rational man in a world of fools and lunatics." On her harsh, unpeopled frontier, Miss McCarthy receives, with their lulling pieties and sedatives, emissaries from the *natural human world of sympathy and compassion;* always they return, however, unaccompanied, and somewhat the worse for wear. Meanwhile, Miss McCarthy's readers, like shocktroops on the intellectual front, wait out an uneasy truce, hoping for a reconciliation between something Mary *has* (they are not quite sure what) and something Mary does *not* have (again, the nature of which eludes them); in unity, however, they are certain, lies greatness. Rumors drift in from the advance guard: Miss McCarthy is mounting a new offensive! Speculation is rife: Will Mary become more partisan? Will Mary become more human? Is Mary, in point of fact, *getting warm?* But alas, no one knows, for suddenly Mary doesn't live here any more: she and her *daimon* have moved to a farther and inacessible frontier. What news, then? Who can say? Watch *Partisan Review!* Watch *The New Yorker!* Watch Mary!

I close with a gnomic reflection in which Miss McCarthy might concur: that only the cold are obsessively preoccupied with warmth.

Of Abraham, Sarah and Isaac

THE SACRIFICE. By Adele Wiseman. Viking. $3.95.

By HENRY POPKIN

THIS very promising first novel examines the life of a family of Canadian Jews, with little attention to local color. The chief characters are named Abraham, Sarah, and Isaac, and the significance of their names is abundant, although Abraham might with some justice bear the name of Job. He is a pious, industrious immigrant who labors to fulfill himself in the life of Isaac, the only one of his three sons who has survived. Isaac lives up to every expectation. He works hard, marries a fine girl, fathers a son, even conquers his agnostic inclinations sufficiently to give Hebrew lessons after working hours. He dies a martyr's death, saving the Torah from a burning synagogue. But in spite of all his love for his son and all his hopes for him, the father has made a sacrifice of him just as surely as that other Abraham offered that other Isaac as a sacrifice. He has made Isaac the bearer of all his past disappointments masquerading as new ambitions. Isaac must stand for all three of the sons, for the dead brothers as well as for himself. His tragic end is due, indirectly and ironically, to his father's great hopes for him.

The central tragedy of *The Sacrifice* is Abraham's, just as the central action of the biblical story is Abraham's. Abraham is in the unhappy role of the man of God who discovers that his God demands apparently meaningless sacrifices and that He does not obviously reward virtue. As long as he can, this pious man bears aloft his pride and decency in the face of an unreasonable world. He seeks and seems at last to establish an orderly, rational, honorable, hopeful life for himself. He finds gratification in the life of his son and in the birth of a grandson, named for the two sons long dead. His vaguely Talmudic logic-chopping turns up satisfyingly elaborate rationales for the most mundane matters. With some justice, he takes a certain pride in being superior to those around him—a gossipy neighbor, a vulgar employer who has an even more vulgar son, a friend's nagging wife and ungrateful children, some nearby bootleggers, and, later, black-marketeers.

While the wicked flourish, Abraham's decent life is strewn with disasters. The vulgar employer expands his business, creates a substantial inheritance for his worthless son, and reduces Abraham in his old age to the function of an errand boy. The nagging wife dies, but her virtuous husband is less fortunate: he survives to spend his last days in the Old Folks' Home. The ungrateful children prosper, insensitive to their father's troubles. Even Isaac's heroic rescue of the Torah comes to have a dubious value. The Torah was donated by an unscrupulous business man who now appears to be marked for special divine favor. His prestige endures, while Abraham's son is suspected of having set the fire himself.

Abraham's woes culminate in one last catastrophe. After a bitter and revealing quarrel with his daughter-in-law, he commits a murder. His bloody crime cuts, if I may be permitted the pun, many ways: it is associated with his butcher's trade, it suggests the blood-sacrifice nearly performed by his biblical namesake, and it also calls to mind the sacrifice which this Abraham has required of his son. His crime brings about the final tragedy of a life characterized by tremendous striving and no frui-

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ion—the picture of a bearded, terifying old man being visited in the nadhouse by his grandson.

Again, this is an exceedingly promising first novel, quite impressive in its conception and in what it fulfills. What troubles me most is a gummy, doughy quality—solid but unbaked—in much of the first half of the novel, where interest occasionally sags. The first events do not seem to mean very much. I hesitate to prescribe—the lady has written her novel and it is quite a novel—but it could use the leavening of humor. Miss Wiseman indicates a passive recognition that even a tragic novel of Jewish life ought to have some comedy. The few jokes that occur are mainly verbal and entirely too quotable—like the one made by the saintly Chaim, who has been a killer of chickens by trade. He is distressed by political arguments: "It makes me feel as though I'm back at work again, the way they talk about right wing and left wing." But there is a good deal of irony, some of it unrealized, inherent in the contrast between Abraham's noble aspirations and his humble calling as a pickler of meat. We must be grateful for *The Sacrifice*. Miss Wiseman is a capable writer who ought to be with us for some time to come.

Richard Church Within His Family

OVER THE BRIDGE. By Richard Church. Dutton. $3.75.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

VALIDITY is surely a precious ingredient in any kind of writing, and yet it seems a poor little word to characterize Richard Church's enchanting autobiography, *Over the Bridge*. Nevertheless, to be valid is to be "strong," to be "founded on truth or fact." *Over the Bridge* is certainly that—and more than that. There is a quiet power in the writing, a passionate fidelity to completeness which actually *projects* the validity, puts it into the reader's lap, so to speak, so that he perceives and feels what he might not, in a lesser writer, have had the need, or the opportunity, to acknowledge.

Set in the Battersea section of London at the turn of the century, the book carries the tenderness of fond reminiscence unmixed with any tinge of sentimentality. It is nostalgia without wistfulness, as if the memory of boyhood were its actual recreation, as it is, under the hand of this skilfull and perceptive writer. The wistfulness, if any, will be supplied by the reader, as he sees a developing picture of the kind of interdependent family unit, almost barricaded against its environment, which, if it still exists, certainly is something of an anachronism. This is the story not only of Richard Church, a talented, sensitive and passionate child, but of Richard Church within his family, the story of how he perceived and felt through and about and with those three other individuals who moved with him in the family unit.

This is a period which the author himself describes as a special kind of time, a chronological space, when the family was an oasis, "cozy, passionate, instinctive and almost completely isolated." Modern readers, adjusted down to a fine point with a host of acquaintances, televised or otherwise, might well feel some wistfulness, some stirring of memory of the warmth of pre-school days, which here pervades an entire childhood.

The book begins with an incident so intense and so exciting as to be almost unbearable. It is typical of the author's skill that he is able to project so vividly the passion of his young characters. Two little boys are carrying a much coveted aquarium across the Battersea Bridge to their lower-middle-class home, and

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Approach to Politics, VI

During the years since its founding, The Commonweal has been continuously concerned with the evaluation of political, social, and economic issues. As the basis for evaluation, the magazine's editors have relied on a body of unchanging Christian principles. The effort has been to measure the transient and contingent in human affairs in the light of their approximation to values which are everlastingly necessary to the commonweal, which is both the name and the goal of this magazine.

In the process of evaluation, The Commonweal has refused to follow any pre-determined "line," because, although the values which we hold are constant, their applicability in the affairs of man is, of necessity, varied. And so, while subscribing to absolute general principles in the abstract order, the editors have attempted to maintain independence and non-partisanship in concrete situations. They have tried to avoid any *a priori* or irrevocable commitments to men or to the parties of men.

They have believed that a decent respect for the complexity of things makes such commitments a kind of serious, and fatal, sin in the intellectual order. It is this waiting on things, and the willingness to make constant revaluations of particular principles which The Commonweal editors have understood as "non-partisanship."

But this understanding of non-partisanship does not mean that the editors should refuse to commit the magazine where they believe real issues are involved. There are times when one must take sides. Loyalty to principles rather than parties should mean independence—not paralysis.

—The Commonweal, September 26, 1952

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every step of the way is an agony of progress in their terrible fear that they may drop the goldfish or be attacked by one of the gangs of bigger boys roaming the streets. Thus, the author introduces us to his brother, Jack, himself, and finally his mother, whose conviction that the cat would consume the goldfish added to the "general redness and toothiness of nature, under whose menace she was convinced that her two boys were doomed to fulfill their tragic destinies."

Of his mother, "the fountain of Father's confidence and hilarity," Mr. Church writes with the most sanguine objectivity circled around an intense subjectivity. He is able to describe her in the most concise and vivid phrases, outlining her in bold pen strokes, as it were, and then, in the next breath, catch fully his passionate connection with her as a child, the trembling vulnerability of the child-mother universe and all its tender, tenuous connections.

This faculty of the author's to get both inside and outside his subject is apparent throughout the whole book, although it is felt more intensely during the first half of the story when the contrasts are more vivid, the objective and subjective points of view more widely separated. As the boy grows older the intensities of personal relationships soften and the inner life becomes less explosive, is more smoothly connected with the outer. But while Mr. Church traces his awareness of self, the sudden illumination of the world around him (through the rather mundane purchase of a pair of spectacles), his realization that he could read, his flashes of mysticism—while he does all this, he weaves the developments of his inner person around and about and in and through the three people who constantly accompany him, his mother, his father and his brother. Of his brother he writes both carefully and quietly, and we feel no little of the awe the younger child must have felt for the sombre, talented older boy.

It is perhaps because Mr. Church is a poet that his style is such a particularly illuminated one. He has a

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kind of "gathering in" quality, a fashion of turning a phrase or sentence in upon itself so that it almost sensuously penetrates itself. For instance, describing his father, "a perpetual Boy," the author says, "he seemed to be a creature released, like a colt from the stable, and he galloped about the paddock of life with a thunder of hoofs and a flashing of nostrils, drinking the very air and intoxicating himself on it." Mr. Church has, too, a feeling for detail that reminds one of a series of etched pictures, fine lines filling in the whole, each aspect of this lower middle class English family life carefully recorded along with the sensations and feelings evoked by it in a young boy.

And, finally, the vitality that projects the validity, that causes the impact on the reader, and that creates the impression of illumination with which this book is so suffused might well be connected with one of the author's mystical experiences as a boy, which, if diffused or softened in the practicality of adulthood, must, as an experience of his personality, also be reflected in his writing. In the Surray Lane school, in which the boy stayed until he was twelve, he came across, one day, the phrase, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

"I felt the hair on my head tingling, and a curtain of red blood appeared to fall before my eyes. I leaned forward, clasping myself close, while the world rocked around me. And as this earthquake subsided, I saw a new skyline defined. It was a landscape in which objects and words were fused. All was one, with the word as the verbal reality brought to material life by Mind, by man. It was therefore, the very obvious, tangible presence of the Creator."

REVIEWERS

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In Oregon, ***Wayne L. Morse*** *(D), one of the most independent and courageous men in the Senate, must run for reelection in a state where financial resources on his side are practically non-existent. His opponent, former Secretary of the Interior McKay, will have literally unlimited financial backing.*

In Illinois, ***Richard Stengel*** *(D), frequently named by non-partisan groups as an outstanding member of the Illinois Legislature, has an excellent chance of upsetting incumbent Senator Everett M. Dirksen (R) if he can come even close to matching Dirksen's campaign funds. Dirksen, whom Time magazine called "the Wizard of Ooze," is one of the most dispensable members of the Senate, and the prospect of his replacement by a young, vigorous and responsible challenger of Stengel's caliber is already attracting impressive Republican and Independent support in Illinois.*

• • •

THE continued success of this experiment—and very possibly the outcome of these elections—is up to **you.** Don't depend on other readers. Make **your** contribution ($100 — $5 — $3) as large as possible and send it, with the attached coupon, today!

Elmer Davis

ELMER DAVIS

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Checks or money orders should be made out to "A Clean Politics Appeal." Contributions may be earmarked; otherwise they will be divided equally among the three candidates. *All* funds collected from this appeal will go to the candidates. Administration costs are being paid by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

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